MODERN TOWER CHIMES

(Played by Organist from Electric Keyboard)

Inventive genius has made the operation of Modern Tower Chimes as simple and easy as picking out a tune with one finger on the piano. The tone—round, full and velvety—is fully controlled by electrically operated striking actions and dampers which latter prevent all tone intermingling. Cost is moderate. Concerted action will enable US to have Chimes ringing by NEXT Christmas.

THE MEMORIAL SUBLIME

To persons of affluence these modern Chimes present the one most fitting and enduring form of Memorial. Inquiry addressed to J. C. Deagan, Inc., 279 Deagan Building, Chicago (to whom we are indebted for these folders) will bring, without obligation, full information including attractive Memorial Booklet.

RAYNER LITHO. CO. CHICAGO

Gen.40:23 Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph but forgot him.

Story of the Man who forgot.
Why did the butler forget Joseph?
Hard to tell. Afraid to tell the king?
Hated to be obligated to a foreigner?
Afraid of the power of Joseph at large?
These interesting ?s but cannot be answered.
Plainly evident is the fact that the sin of the chief butler was thotlessness, and thotlessness is the commonest sin of all the world.

I. What forgetters we humans are! "I forgot!", "I did'nt think!", "I did'nt realize", "I was thotless", are common confessions, of thousands and millions. How prone we are to forget one another! Many a mother's heart is aching because somewhere out in the world is a son who has not written home for yrs. Or, perhaps it is a daughter who left home soon to forget the faithful mother and father who brot her up and gave her an education, and a good start in life.

The other day an elderly man said to me, "My children dont seem to care much about me any more; I guess I'm in their way."

II. And how we forget God! As children we remembered him. God seemed near to us then. We saw him in the mountain, in the sunset glow, we sensed his presence in our devout mothers and fathers, in church and in our friendships. We beheld God on a clear winter night as we gazed upon the bright shining stars overhead. But, alas, that was years ago. Now we rememberour sport, our business, our society, but we forget God. We know the latest play but we do not know God. We are familiar with the latest popular novel but we cant recall the simplest Bible stories any more. Such forgetters never pray, never read the Scriptures, never read a religious book of any kind; seldom of ever attend a church service of any king, except, perhaps, the funeral service of some friend or neighbor. So far as they are concerned God is as tho he were not!

Without intending to, they have gradually moved into a world without God.

III. And how we forget Jesus Christ our Savior.

We remember the thrilling story of Columbus discovering America; we forget the wondrous account of Jesus' rediscovery of God. We remember Alexander who wept for more worlds to destroy; we forget Jesus who shed tears because a Jerusalem refused to be saved! We remember Washington at Valley Forge; we forget the Christ in Gethsemene. We study to remember the biographies of our great men of history; but the Life of all lives we neglect and forget. The three yrs of public ministry, the matchless teachings, the habits of constan communion with the Father, Jesus' love of little childre n, his kind treatment of the outcast, his freedom from artificial standards, his sympathy with the common people. Then his last few days, the tragic ending of his career in such shameful treatment of him as were his shameful mock trials and scourgings, his betrayal by Judas and denial by Peter, the desertions of him by all his disciples, his Gesthemene agonies, his suffering cross, and his ignominious death: then the white angel, the empty tomb, the Risen Lord and the triumphant Apostles! Oh, wonders of wonders, how can we ever forget you! But we do. We are a family of forgetters. Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph but forgot him. The chief butler and you and I have much in common.

IV. But the day of awakening came for the chief butler, and the day of awakening comes for you and me.

For 2 yrs did the butler forget, then came the sufferings of his master, the king, and he remembered Joseph in prison. Before the king he confessed, "I do remember my faults this day"

How much better the butler must have slept that night! No more guilty conscience. Sin forgiven and forgotten.

A rich landlord once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her little 8 yr old son witnessed the treatment. He afterwards became a great painter and painte on his canvas that dark scense he witnessed when a boy Then he placed thepicture where the landlord must see it. And when the guilty man looked upon that scene, he remembered and turned pale, offering any sum of money for it that he might put it out of sight.

There is an invisible painter drawing on the canvas of our souls a life-likeness of all our passions and acti actions. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must meet our earth-life again.

But God is merciful and causes us to remember before

that final scene takes place.

Sometimes God sends us a sorrow, some bereavement that causes us to remember Him. Sometimes it is failure. Sometimes it is the veriest trifle- the touch of a child's hand, the fragrance of a flower, the sound of an voice, the kindness of a friend.

The Church is God's great means of putting us in remembrance of Him, of our duty to Him and to one another Every Lord's Day is a reminder of Christ; every ordinance of the Church- baptism and Communion- are memorials of Christ's death, burial and resurrection. Upon all sides God has beset us, behind and before, with reminders of his goodness and love. How can we be so thotless and indifferent? It becomes everyone of us to say with the butler, "This day do I remember my faults".